

112. 4 45 40
445

AN ELEGY ON MODERATION.

OFFSPRING Divine! Parent of Peace and Love!
Delight of Heav'n, whose Joys thou can't improve!
To Men for Comfort sent, like the *CELESTIAL DOVE*.

Drooping and Sad with thy fair bending Head,
Thou to that Blest Society art fled.

ASTREA so, with just Resentment fir'd,
Wearied with Vice, from Men to Gods retir'd.

Why, Lovely Virtue, hast thou *BRITAIN* left,
In *THEE* of its Chief Ornament bereft?

With Modern Raging Zeal ill cou'dst *THOU* dwell,
And the Fierce Spirit of *Sacheverell*.

Who, tho' his Master Meekness did require,
Like Stern *ELIJAH* wou'd Convert by Fire.

Ill cou'dst *THOU* such Mock-Loyalty endure,
As would Rebellion by Rebellion cure.

Ill cou'dst *THOU* Crouds and Factious Rabbles bear,
Who with rude Noise disturb the peaceful Air;

The Lowly and the Gentle are *THY* Care.

LOTD, BURNET, FOWLER, humble *TENISON*,
TALBOT and *WAKE*, and *TRIMNEL* are thy own;

And Sweet-Tongued *FLEETWOOD*, Glories of the Gown.

WILLIS and *KENNET*, in a lower Sphere,

And *BRADFORD* in that Glorious Train appear.

Ill cou'dst *THOU* dwell, where the sworn Foes of Peace
And angry *Sons of Thunder* *only* please.

Where Fire and Brimstone from the Pulpits hurl'd

By our young *Phaetons*, inflame the World.

Unlike th' Almighty, in a *small still Voice*

Descending, not in Earthquakes, Wind or Noise.

O *QUEEN* of Virtues! pity us once more,

And visit those thy Absence who deplore,

BRITAIN no more *THE HAPPY ISLE* will be,

And the Worlds Envy, if forsook by *THEE*.

Without *THEE* Churches into Parties run,

Faction prevails, and Kingdoms are undone.

With *THEE* successful Years rowl round again,

Love, Joy, and blooming Plenty are thy Train.

Credit without *THEE* sinks, and Trade decays;

THOU canst again their Heads triumphant raise.

Ev'n Treasures in thy Absence disappear,

Nor will be seen again, till *THOU* art here.

And if *WE*, may be Prophets and divine,

THOU wilt once more on Blest *BRITANNIA* shine.

Favour'd by Heav'n a People must be Great,

And flourish: — *WHO* can Providence defeat?

Bit by *Tarantulas* we long have rav'd,

By Pow'rs unseen scarce from Self-Murther sav'd.

THY Tuneful Voice, like Musick, can revive

Expiring States, and once more bid 'em live.

F I N I S.